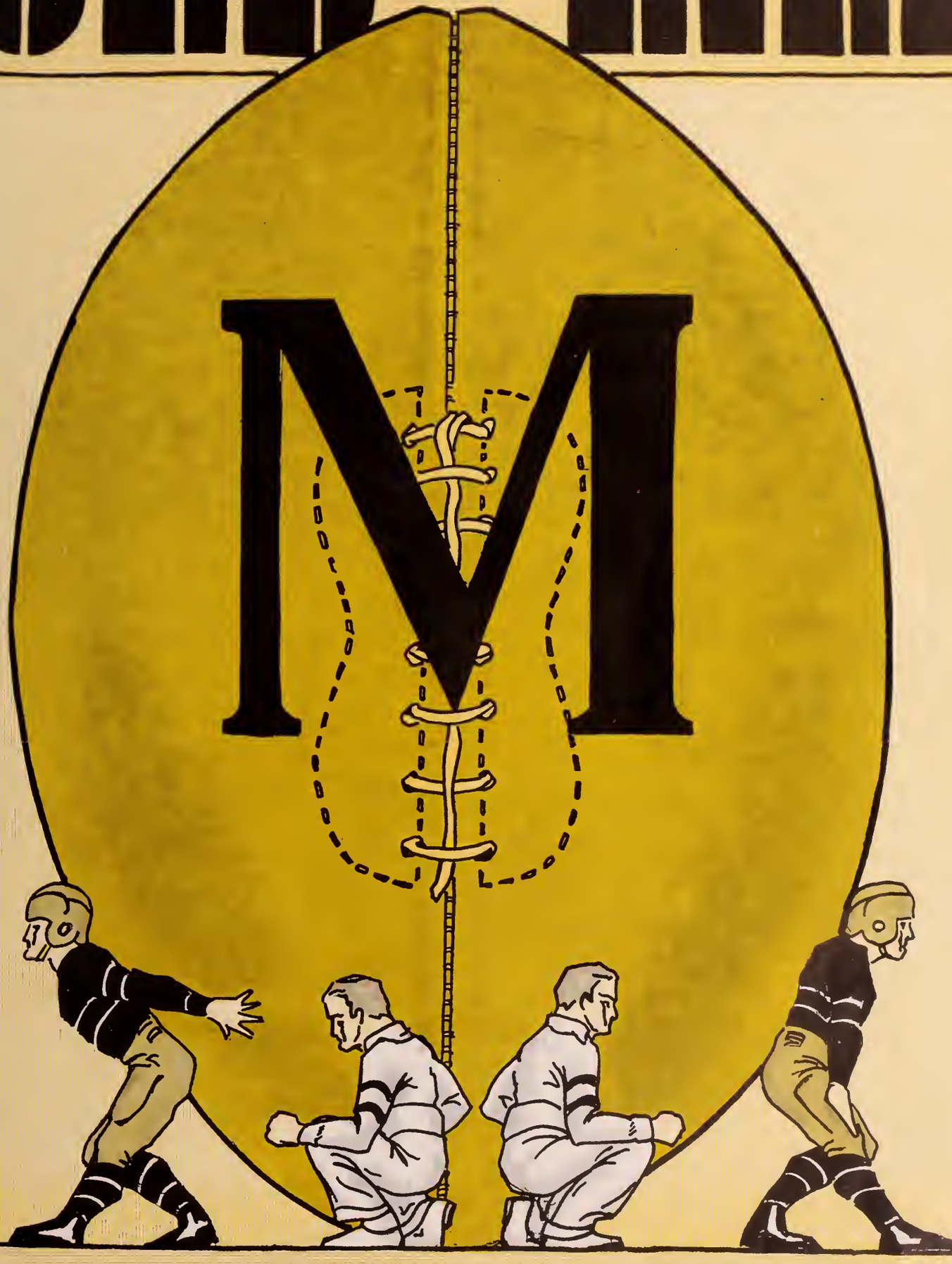
The OLD LINE



—NOV-ISSUE—

Your tired nerves need frequent relief

SCOTTIE Known variously in early history as Skye, Highland, Cairn, and Scots terrier. Nicknamed the "die-hard" for stout heart and unquenchable love for sport. Extremely independent.

$61.74

He's giving his nerves a rest...

and so is he

LIKE humans, dogs have a complicated, highly developed set of nerves. But dogs rest when they need rest...while we plunge ahead with our hurry and worry—straining our nerves to keep up the pace. We can't turn back to the natural life of an animal, but we *can* soothe and rest our nerves. Camel cigarettes can be your pleasant reminder to take a helpful breathing spell. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are mild — *soothing* to the nerves.

Successful people advise
"Let up...*light up a Camel*"

RALPH GULDAHL (above), U. S. Open golf champion, reveals: "I've learned to ease up now and again—to let up . . . and light up a Camel. Little breaks in daily nerve tension help to keep a fellow on top. Smoking a Camel gives me a grand feeling of well-being. Here is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"

DID YOU KNOW:

—that tobacco plants are "topped" when they put out their seed-head? That this improves the quality of leaf? That most cigarette tobacco is harvested by "priming"—removing each leaf by hand? The Camel buyers know where the choice grades of leaf tobacco are—the mild tobaccos that are finer and, of course, more expensive. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

LET UP—*LIGHT UP A CAMEL!*

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves

CALCUSMANIA

How fast is twice times **x** to the fourth,
If two ships are sailing to the south and the north?
What's the equation of curve number four,
When **z** over zero has values galore?
How fast is a square whose three sides are round,
If infinity is less than the roots to be found?

Derivatives—
Are the thing for a biangular sphere,
And the slope of a strophoid enters in here;
They will solve cissoids and help very much
To simplify lemniscates, hypocycloids and such.

Derivatives—
Mr. Lancaster—are right on the ball,
Though what they are is a mystery to all.
How many cusps, which where, and how fast,
And deltas of **x,** but especially the last—
How fast they will unfailingly show, though you're caught unawares.
Then my dear Mr. L—
Perhaps you can tell
If there's one to show how fast who the hell cares.

—Ksanda.

Campus-Right Richcraft Styles

- Two full double soles . . .
- Fully leather lined . . .
- Weather resisting leathers . . .
- Styled for campus or town . . .

NINE STYLES AT $7.45

RICH'S MEN'S SHOP
F Street at 10th • Washington

ALBRECHT'S
PHARMACY
Serving
OUR OWN MAKE ICE CREAM
•
FAST DELIVERY
•
Lunch with us Tomorrow
College Park
Greenwood 3838 Berwyn 580

Hey Fella!!

That's No Place For You!!

Get out from under and play safe by taking your troubles to—

CHANEY'S GARAGE
OPPOSITE THE MAIN GATE

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"Remember that lost city we found? Well, we lost it again!"

BULL TIME

SCENE: 9 girls sprawled a la bull session in sorority house.

"You never even start the water running in the tub till your date rings the bell."

"MOVE OVER A LITTLE, PLEASE."

"I can't convince all of them you are powdering your nose. Another thing, basting around a hole and then pulling is no way to mend stockings. You might at least wear whoopee socks over them."

Babs, the center of the stage, lounged on the floor in her Chinese housecoat and blew smoke rings into the already hazy atmosphere.

"DON'T, BABS, NO ONE CAN SEE YOU FOR YOUR SMOKE."

"I wish you wouldn't holler, Babs, about how you can't do a thing with your wig as it gets too kinky in rainy weather. You've never had to sleep on your face at night because the tin curlers make dents in the side of your head."

"Timmy, just because I wear Dr. Denton's and socks to bed is no reason for you to haze me."

"COME OUT FROM UNDER YOUR COMFORTER WHEN YOU SAY THAT."

Betty bounded into the room, indignant in her flannel bathrobe, "Dotty James, have you been using my toothpaste?"

"CAN'T YOU GET A LITTLE MORE EXCITED?"

"Girls, somebody has been squeezing Betty's toothpaste, and it's all squoze out."

"This is serious, Dotty."

"THEN LOOK SERIOUS."

"But you are always borrowing my things, and letting me find out for myself."

"Betty, you have never in all your life bought a package of cigarettes, except maybe those ten cent jobs that no one could lower themselves to bum—stop using my hankie to remove those vile colored fingernails!"

"FOR PETE'S SAKE, REMEMBER TO WEAR BLOOD RED POLISH TONIGHT, THOUGH."

Polly saundered in, a box of lux under one arm. "If you didn't leave me enough space on the curtain rod to hang my clothes, Polly, I'll brain you."

"YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU MEAN IT."

"And Peggy, don't you realize we are usually kidding when we offer you candy—Much as I need to reduce, I do like to eat at least one piece of Mom's fudge."

"If you tell me another thing about your mother, Ellie, I'll scream. I know your darned family tree as if I planted it myself."

"DO THAT OVER AGAIN. THAT'S LOUSY," Mime in disgust threw down the script book titled **The Sorority House**—"YOU ALL DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE WE'RE PUTTING THIS PLAY ON FOR THE AMATUER ACTORS TONIGHT, AND HERE YOU ARE PROPLESS, SPEECHLESS, AND CUELESS."

—M. W.

A Double Sweetheart

Old Golds try to
Please *everyone*, too.
So their
Prize crop tobaccos
Are *extra* aged
To make them
Double-mellow.
Their package is
Double Cellophane
To keep them just as
Tan-ta-liz-ing-ly
FRESH as any
Double Sweetheart!

$51.45

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

STARTING NOV. 20th TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . .
Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

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• OLD LINE •

Founded 1930

Vol. 8 NOVEMBER, 1938 No. 2

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Cinderella: Godmother, must I leave the dance at twelve?

Good Fairy: You'll not go at all if you don't stop swearing.

Ah—to dance all night with you, my dear
While a new day rose and a full moon fell,
Was—I must be fair and true, my dear—
Just plain hell!

CONTINUITY

Smith: How many times have I kissed you tonight?

P. James: Only three times—you remember mother came in once and I answered the phone once!

HOPE

Author: Do you think there is any chance for this story getting in your magazine?

Editor: There may be. I'm not going to live forever.

—Bunny.

COMMUTER

At a certain college in the north of New England the male students were not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a student was caught in the act of doing so and was court-martialed.

Said the Dean: "Sir, the penalty for the first offense is 50 cents, for the second, $2.50, for the third, $5, and so on up to $15."

In solemn tones the trespasser inquired: "How much would a season ticket cost?"

MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY PLANK MONEY MONEY MONEY PLINK

MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY CLINK MONEY MONEY MONEY CLANK

STOP!

100 - BUCKS - 100

Sensational!

Colossal!

Tremendous!

Stupendous!

Gigantic!

Unbelievable!

RULES FOR THE CONTEST ARE AS FOLLOWS:

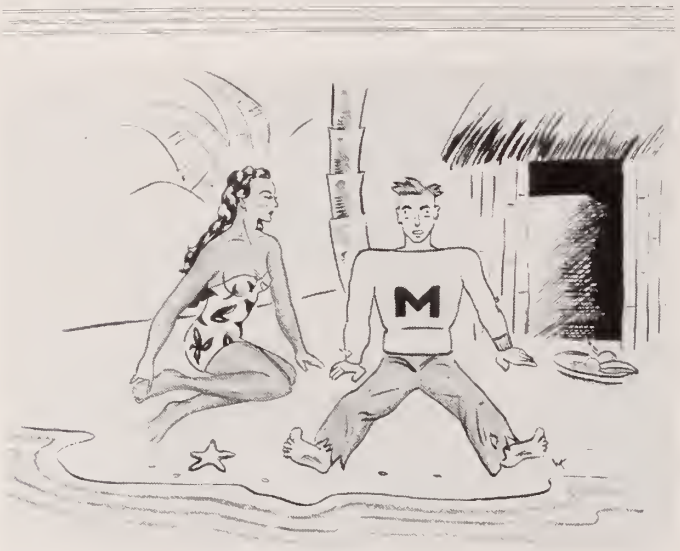
1. The contest shall be open only to undergraduates of the University of Maryland.
2. Only material which has been accepted by the editors of The Old Line will be considered in determining prize-winners.
3. The contest will stay open until the deadline for the last issue of the 1938-39 school year, which date will be announced later in The Old Line.
4. The Publications Board and the Editor of The Old Line shall act as judges in this contest. The decisions of the judges shall in all cases be absolutely final.
5. The prizes shall be as follows:

   For the piece of art work judged best $25
   For the short story judged best $25
   For the humorous article judged best $20
   For the serious article judged best $20
   For the poem judged best $10

6. Art work shall include cartoons, illustrations, and all other drawings used.
7. Classifications of material for judging shall be up to the discretion of the judges.
8. All material entered shall become the property of The Old Line.
9. All manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced, on one side of paper only.

OLD LINE CONTEST

MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY CLUNK MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY



"And me with an 8:20!"

Whenever you smile you are sunbeams aglow.
When you laugh you are brooklets beginning to flow.
When you dance you are thistle-down borne on a breeze.
When you sigh you are gentle winds stealing through trees.

Whenever you sulk you are moonlight, remote.
When you sing you are nature's own lyrical note.
When you look at me you are a radiant star:
You are all of the heaven-made beauties there are.

I am thrilled beyond measure; but, darling, I pray
That you are not quite as exclusive as they.

—B. P.

His voice sounded vibrantly over the phone
"Of all lovely creatures, dear, you're the most fair."
She sighed through her cold cream and casually rolled
Another tin curler up into her hair.

"Speak to me, darling," he tenderly said
"I could listen, enthralled, to your voice for an hour."
She spoke, while she shivered in nothing-but-towel
"Pardon me while I go and continue my shower."

—B. P.

LAB NOTES OF A COED

A freshman's line is like spaghetti—all tangled up, with loose ends. His kiss is like Tyrone Power—too good to be true.

A sophomore's line is like an add-a-pearl-necklace—a little longer every time you see him but never quite finished; his kiss like a Croix de Guerre—a great honor bestowed on you for which you should be duly appreciative.

A junior's line is like one of these new victrolas—**can** play ten records without stopping, but **may** be turned off at will. His kiss is a Rembrandt, a War Admiral, a grand slam, a Dusenberg—or anything highly perfected and expensive as hell.

A senior's line is like a needle in a hay stack—you know it's there but you can't locate it. His kiss is like putting on a light—as if he just had to push a button.

—W.

Down with all homework and classes and stuff
Down with professors exceedingly gruff,
Down with all loafing, that stealer of time;
Down to the grill, where goes my dime.

Down with the libe for the hours I sit
And bull till a tap on my shoulder says, "Quit".
Down with P. O. box and mail I get not
And down to a gym dance where morons "get hot".

Down with exams and fountain pens leaky,
Barbaric alarm clocks and chairs that are squeaky.
Down with all languages living or dead
Down with all girls who dare be well fed.

Down with the foreign problems complex
Down with all psych and "conditioned reflex"
Down with—at least put away on a shelf
All pessimists grouchy—including myself.

"Okay, I'm in the open—shoot it!"

Jerry Hardy

THINGS look pretty good this time of year. Eight weeks have run through our office and gone to curl up and hide among the leaves of the Diamondback calendar. Homecoming, with its shiny black cars that ran around between new curbings looking at the buildings that weren't here in '08, has drifted into our wake. The Dean's team has elected a captain and is planning intramural meets. The long Indian summer that hung around the campus like an unemployed graduate has joined the birds in Georgia. These are good days, for there is time for a look around. Time out, men! Take a day off and breathe deeply. One, two . . . exhale. One . . .

MYSTERY

We have a class in the Ag. Bldg. this year, the first since we came here. Every MWF we come trotting down from A&S and go in the back door. It's all sort of new and interesting, but the fascinating part comes just as we past the West side of the building and disappear into the basement hall. For right at that point we stop and sight up the side of the place and every day there is that little walk, maybe you've seen it, that starts nowhere in particular, goes a few feet, up some neat steps, and then stops abruptly as if it had intended to go on around to the front door, but thought better of it.

It's really an awfully nice little walk and six steps and we like it. We can't help wondering though, what dream had seized the agrarian architect when he designed them. Once, one late afternoon we wandered by and gave way to the impulse that we always have to run up the steps that lead to nowhere. We felt a bit foolish after we got to the top, and looked around to see if anybody had been watching us. Nobody had.

BROWN STUDY

We have a class this year that sends us up to the library two or three times a week, and we only wish we'd had such training three years ago. For it has taken us until now to find out that we have been missing one of the most entertaining places in College Park and vicinity.

Now you take a couple of weeks ago, we got up there early and picked out a nice aisle seat in the orchestra and settled down to enjoy our Shakespeare and peanuts. Suddenly the comparative quietude of table 16 was shattered by the sound of ten pennies rattling over the polished surface. We turned to look, and there was a youthful statistician busily calculating heads and tails. He studied his fortune for a moment, wrote busily, and swept up the coins for another rattling cast. All told, we estimated that about seventy-five people were eyeing him with stares that ranged in a frequency distribution from cool interest to white hate, but the culprit couldn't feel a single glance.

"Such concentration," we decided, "must be preserved." And picking up our notebook, we tiptoed quietly out of the room, yelding to the urge to touch the 7' 11' 132-lb. marlin on our way out.

ATHLETE

We had to go in town to Union Station the other night, and, the train being less prompt than we, stopped outside to bargain with a shoe shine boy who approached us with an offer. We stood with one foot on the stand and watched the lights play over the Capitol, filled with deep patriotic stirrings. We hadn't paid particular notice of our temporary Jeeves, and it wasn't until he called for a reckoning that we saw below the grinning ebony face a heavy black knit sweater, which boasted a gold "M" across the chest.

INGENIOUS

Our lawyer tells us that before we begin this story, we'd better protect ourselves, so we'll tell you that it wasn't told to us we only heard. They say that some time ago there was a sign posted in the administration building that went something like this: "For Sale, reversible topcoat. Student is forced by circumstances to sell roommate's coat to buy English books."

(Continued on page 23)

ADVENTURES IN THE LIFE OF I, PERCIVAL QUINN

I, Percival Quinn, reject the tender emotions

University of Md
Box 437
October 20 1938

Miss Emeline Tittleberry
Box 333
University of Md

Dear Miss Tittleberry

Oh Miss Tittleberry a magnificent thing has come into my life I have fallen in love. Perhaps I should not be so forward and come right out and say it like this but that's the way it happened like when you step on the soap when you're taking a shower Miss Tittleberry sudden and surprising. It is very upsetting to a man in my position to be in love because I am so busy lining up votes for the coming election in the Grange in which I Percival Quinn shall be a candidate for vicepresident that I do not have many spare moments for the tender emotions but then I am also for the fuller life like any forward thinking person which is what my brother is fond of saying.

Every day oh Miss Tittleberry I grow more hopelessly involved in this new passion which has seized me and am even not contemplating a series of sonnets to commemorate my love for all time. In nervous expectation of your reply I am

Palpitatingly yours

I, Percival Quinn

University of Maryland,
Box 333,
October 22, 1938

Mr. Percival Quinn,
Box 437,
University of Maryland.

My Dear Mr. Quinn:

I was to say the least, Mr. Quinn, somewhat surprised both by the tone and the incoherence of your recent letter.

Your comments were very interesting, but I feel constrained to remark that I do not know what you were talking about and I do not know whom you were talking about and I do not care in the slightest.

Hoping this will convey my feelings, I remain

Yours with restraint,
Emeline Tittleberry.

University of Md
Box 437
October 23 1938

Miss Emeline Tittleberry
Box 333
University of Md

Emeline My Darling

At first I must admit your letter startled me slightly but after I let my very good friend Theosophilus Flintlock Butterball read it I felt much better due to his point-

(Continued on page 20)

A POT POURRI OF VERSE

SIMILE

A boat
Is like a man's thoughts.
It sails for years
Over tranquil and troubled waters,
Then peacefully
Sinks to rest.

—N. H.

Little Bo Jeep
Has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them.
She gave them the gate
For an off-campus date—
Now she has no ties that bind them.

THE THEIST

Think you of the forest
Just before the sun has set,
Think you of the petals
Of the rose the dew has wet;
Reminisce and think about
The things that grow from sod,
Then ask yourself—you cannot say
There is no God.

—N. H.

FOG

Angel's breath
Glides lightly on my cheek
And dims my eyes
So that I cannot see
The ugliness in front
Of me.

—N. H.

Little Miss Muff It
Sat on a tuffet
Dewey, demure, and blushing;
A girl with a pin
Just sort of dropped in
Thus starteth the tale: Dirty Rushing.

SUCCESS STORY

My mother said the day I left my home in Baltimore,
As she handed me the lunch she'd packed and saw me to the door,
"You'll forgive a mother's weeping, but I know I'll nevermore
Know my baby when he is a College Man."

I decided then and there that I'd do everything up right;
So I bought a pack of cigarettes and learned to smoke that night,
But since then the upperclassmen bum each weed I drag in sight.
Still, I guessed that's how we'd act, we College Men.

Then I bought myself a ratcap, and I wore it all the time.
I marched just where the sophomores said, through all the muck and slime,
And though others called me sucker, I could see it as the climb
To my aim in life—to be a College Man.

I attended every cheering practice. Lustily I'd shout
Till my silent classmates asked me what the cheering was about.
Still I gave my all for Gatch and Shipe with loyalty devout,
For I wanted so to be a College Man.

At the President's Reception I knew just what should be done.
I cut in on bashful freshman girls that other fellows shun,
But the party ended. There was I, a cozy group of one,
Just a lonely, let-down would-be College Man.

Only three weeks of this rah rah stuff and I was really fed
With collegiate life as pictured in the magazines I'd read.
I decided then to junk it, and with that I went to bed,
For I'd never ever be a College Man.

I attended all my lectures, but I'd just sit back and snooze.
When awake, I calmly sported an indifferent sort of blues.
Then who mobbed around and pinned me but a bunch of Sigma Nus,
For they thought they'd found the perfect College Man.

Confidentially they told me that they'd picked me from the crowd
'Cause my ennui and savoir faire had fairly shrieked out loud.
Now I'm sitting with the big shots on an enviable cloud
Looking down on Freshmen practicing the things that I had vowed,
And my formula for them is one of which I'm more than proud:
Just do nothing, and you'll be a College Man.

—T. St. C.

"May I see your ticket, please? You have this gentleman's seat!"

Of all the sad words of tongue or pen, saddest are these: "Flunked again".

We see where several students have been excused from drill because of flat feet. The R. O. T. C. must be getting particular. It is rumored that two years ago, even a blind man wasn't excused if he owned a Seeing Eye dog.

First Student: What bothers you most in class?

Second Student: Theorems.

First Student: Studying geometry, huh?

Second Student: No. Medithin.

We have discovered what happened to the Glacier. It wrapped itself around the water pipes leading to the Gym showers.

Many a freshman will learn that it is better to have loved and lost. Much better.

During examinations, a man is only as good as his neighbor's paper.

What with two coed drum majors in front of them, the horn tooters and the drum beaters will doubtless develop into a "rubber" band.

A LETTER FROM A COED TO HER ONE AND ONLY NOW ON A HUNTING TRIP IN THE NORTH WOODS

Deer Jim,

With quill in hand, I must tell you how I porcupine for you. I can't bear to bee away from you for such a long time. I moose you so. I badger moose me, too, Jim deer. You otter, anyway. You muskrat me soon.

It is caribou that I can't bee with you. Kangaroo guess what's gnu? Bill Raleigh, the old snakeinthegrass, asked me to elope last night. I told the goose, "You know I c'antelope. I'm engaged to Jim". So you see there is no chance that I woodchuck you, and make you the goat. But at least this little episode—though it was a sheep trick — proves that you're not the only oyster in the stew, Jim, deer! Take heed.

Have you shaved since you have been away? You probably look like a couple of missing lynx by now. I bet you're having a ducky time. I just hope it won't reindeer during your trip. Wouldn't it be awful if there would be a b'lizzard!

Giraffe enjoyed writing to you, Jim. Gazelle have to go now. Ostrich you would come home soon; hyena, if you stay for just one more week, it is jackal by me. Weasel see you soon. Zebra'st of good wishes and a good time to you.

Love,
Daisy May.
—M. Z.

"Hello, copyright owners. May I have permission to hum your new tune?"

ULTIMATE OBJECTIVE

By Charles F. Ksanda

THERE was mud in the little village, mud and a chilling, steady drizzle, and red fire in the distance—and desolation. The muttering rumble of distant shells echoed from the shattered walls and the broken, torn streets and the piles of debris that had once been a peaceful little village, echoed from deserted, looted cellars and piles of crumbled gray masonry, and bones, into the darkness.

Lieutenant Young crouched tensely behind a shattered remnant of gray stone wall. Beside him, Sergeant Deaton's face was white and haggard in the cold yellow glare of the flashlight. Behind, on their flanks were men—thousands along the front line, invisible in the dark before dawn, but waiting grimly, waiting—

"This," Young said softly—as though the enemy were near, very near, "this is our objective. It's important that we gain this position. If we don't—the whole drive may fail." His finger traced a crooked line across the soiled map. Drops of fine, dirty rain trickled from his sleeve, across the contour lines. "But it's not far—we'll get there. We have to."

Deaton nodded somberly. "We'll get there."

Anxiously, Lieutenant Young looked at his watch—five minutes—then the big drive. Silently he looked back toward the deserted shell that had once been a town; there were shadows moving there among gray shadows, and furtive, veiled lights that shone vaguely through the fine rain. Night was almost gone. Dismal light was creeping slowly over the sky from the east, light that illuminated nothing but the shroud of murky clouds that had hung over the smoke of the battlefields for long days. Young folded the sodden map, reached into the pocket under his coat.

He shifted uneasily, walked forward cautiously in the shadows of the ancient wall. His feet were numb. Behind him, he heard the slosh of Deaton's shoes in the mud. The rumble of shells echoed into the distance. One shrieked nearby. He couldn't see the earth and stone fly upward and drop lifelessly; but he heard the piercing roar and felt the earth tremble. He looked to the right flank, the left. Along the whole sector, tense, haggard men were straining, waiting. . . . One minute. . . . He moved from out of the shelter of the gray stones and gray shadow; men moved silently behind him. For an instant he saw Quong's yellow, round face, expressionless, and Garry and Chernov. Then he looked quietly at his watch, toward the front again—toward the objective—

Then suddenly, with the suddenness of waking from a terrible dream into more terrifying reality, he was running, crouching low—and men were running behind him, men with rifles and gleaming bayonets. Men were running at his side, lost in the semi-darkness and the rain. Suddenly they were in the midst of an endless, forlorn field of gray. Then they were crouching in the mud, breathing hard, cutting barbed wire, and in front they could hear the shells that were re-enforcing them from behind. Through the grim fence of barbed wire, phantoms moving through a sea of gray on a phantom enemy; yet it was all terribly real. Then mud began to spatter close—too close—as an enemy machine gun swept in a wide arc. And the drive became a maddening flight onward—onward, through mud and craters that had feet of water in them, stumbling over—men, hearing the sharp crack of rifles and the persistent roar of machine guns, and abruptly the thunder of shells, great mushrooming enemy shells, spraying earth and shrapnel into the white faces—

Almost simultaneously, Young felt a sharp pain in his leg, then in his chest. He stumbled, saw a sea of legs and faces above, a blinding flash, a great geyser of earth shooting skyward—and there were faces illumined in that brief instant—Chernov, Garry, Conant, Quong, Deaton— He had to get up; the painful fog in his brain cleared—he was plodding on—on toward the objective. . . . It was close now—close—

Then he was in—in the enemy trench!

The sounds of the battlefield grew remote, seemed to die away in infinite distance. Young looked about. Men were scrambling into the trench. Sergeant Deaton was beside him, panting.

"I guess we got here, Lieutenant," he breathed.

Young nodded mutely. Four other men dropped from above. Garry, Quong, Chernov, Conant the young corporal, their bayonets ready.

Young stared at the men—past them. "We're here all right. But where in hell is the enemy?"

The men were silent, puzzled. Conant, his face white, stared strangely. Young looked upward; the clouds were suddenly all gone. A million stars, cold and white, hung in the blackness. And it was very quiet; the sound of the shells had died.

Deaton followed his gaze. "Cleared up damn quick."

Chernov had disappeared along the trench; now he poked his head through the door of a dugout. "Deserted—absolutely deserted. The enemy have gone. But I've found something."

The men followed Young into the dugout, which had apparently served as officer's quarters. Strangely, there was a single lamp burning, casting a steady yellow

(Continued on page 19)

OCTOBER AND US

THIS autumn, the sound of war-drums in our ears has come and died away. And we are left only half-remembering the stabbing cries of "extra" in the street; the shadow that hung heavily over the gathering twilight of the year. The settlements are made, and we have made small attempt to understand them; or, in understanding, we at last forget.

There is no war. Our little lives go on, seeking evanescent pleasure, receiving fragmentary pain. We in America seldom look up. Our eyes, content to graze a banner headline briefly, find more diverting pleasures in things less worldly.

But a mighty change comes slowly and imperceptibly, and is lodged across the face of the world before man takes notice. Then one day man awakes and looks wonderingly at the new way of things.

It is patent that we who are students here at Maryland would be far out of our intellectual boundaries if we presumed to try to analyze the universal implications of what happened and is happening in Europe. Competent scholars of thrice our age and experience are having trouble enough doing that.

But those hectic days of a month ago could not help having their effect on us directly, and it is with that effect that we may well concern ourselves.

A hundred days ago we gave little thought to what might happen overseas. To be sure, we knew the names of a dozen European statesmen, and we knew something of what they stood for and what they did. But did you or I feel then that sense of growing tension, of choosing sides, and of conflicting ambitions which has since appeared? I think not.

Then, without warning, the forces which we had always believed were in the majority and at the head of things, the ideals with which we had always been in sympathy, suddenly yielded to stranger forces. The democratic ideal has always in our life, seemed the natural ideal, and now suddenly this question comes begging to be answered. Have we been worshipping at a false altar?

Out of the past few weeks comes a single thing to you and me. That thing is the realization that we can no longer consider ourselves untouched. **We must, and it may well be the most serious task that has ever been ours, we must discover what we believe, and we must find out why that belief exists.** We must decide or, as surely as you believe in the sun, you may believe that someone will decide for us.

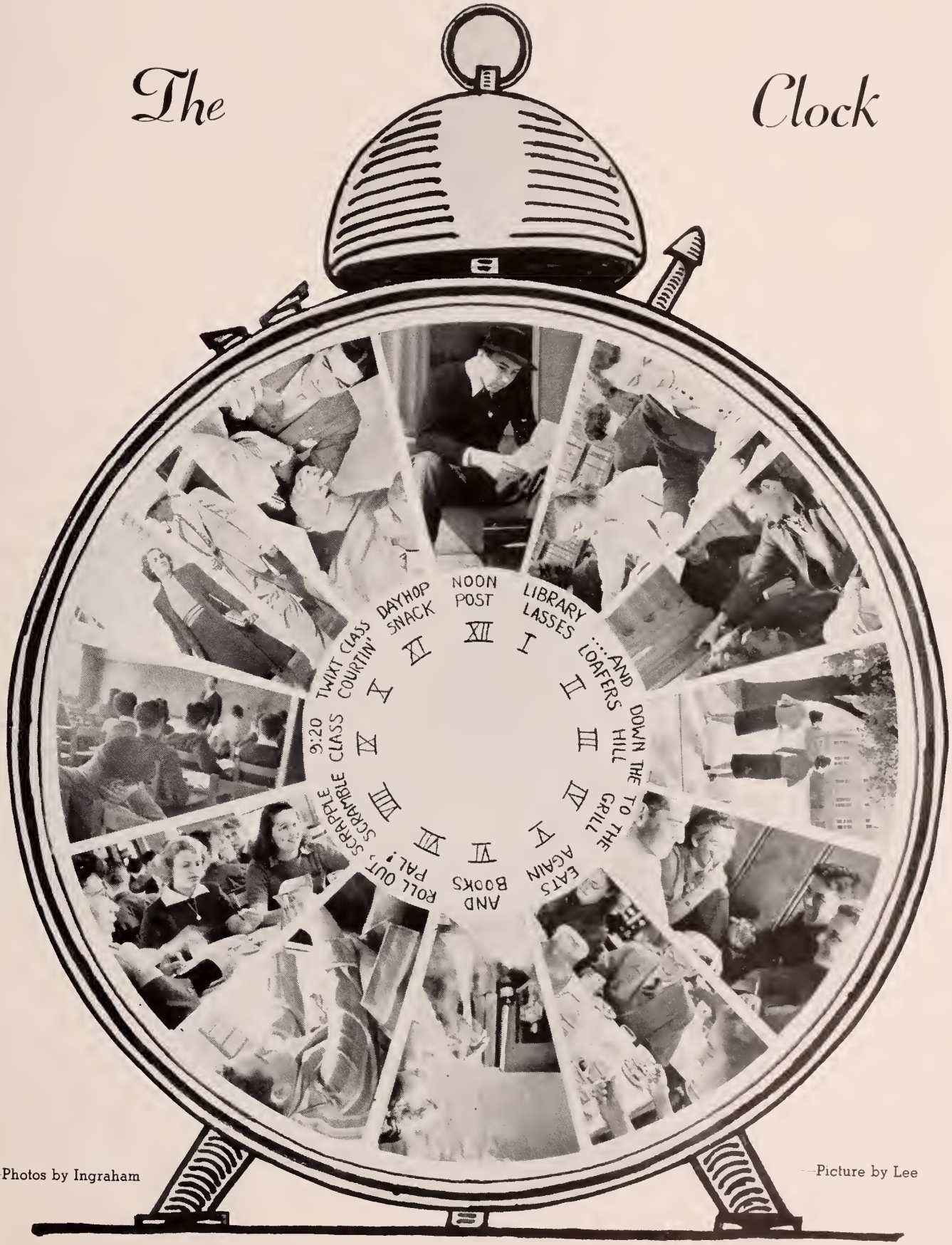
We seem far out of danger here on a peaceful campus. Probably we are. But remember this: the preservation of that safety lies not in geographical location or the protection of a benign government; it depends upon how well we know what it is we believe in, and upon how bravely we can defend our beliefs when the emotional kettle boils over.

For when the emotional agitators start to ply their trade, whether it be in the cause of peace or war, the first volunteers to their colors are the unsettled minds, those who, having failed to decide for themselves, find it the easiest course to adopt another's ideas.

As yet we still live in a state where we may exercise almost complete intellectual independence and freedom. No one seizes our minds when they are young to press them into a mold that would rob them of all individuality. If we would preserve that freedom, let us use it, or surely it will disappear.

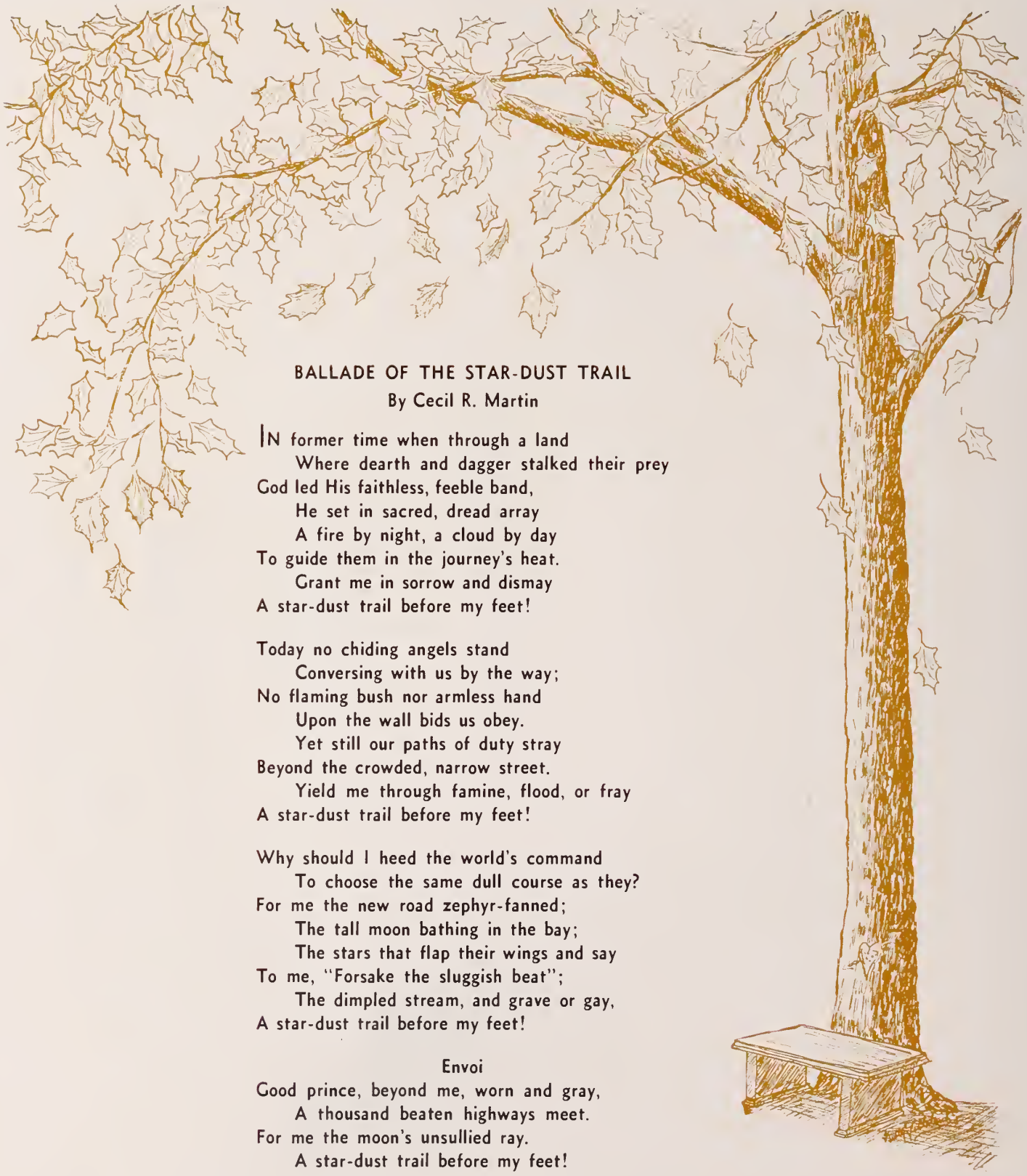
—J. H.

The Campus Around The Clock



—Photos by Ingraham

—Picture by Lee



BALLADE OF THE STAR-DUST TRAIL

By Cecil R. Martin

IN former time when through a land
Where dearth and dagger stalked their prey
God led His faithless, feeble band,
He set in sacred, dread array
A fire by night, a cloud by day
To guide them in the journey's heat.
Grant me in sorrow and dismay
A star-dust trail before my feet!

Today no chiding angels stand
Conversing with us by the way;
No flaming bush nor armless hand
Upon the wall bids us obey.
Yet still our paths of duty stray
Beyond the crowded, narrow street.
Yield me through famine, flood, or fray
A star-dust trail before my feet!

Why should I heed the world's command
To choose the same dull course as they?
For me the new road zephyr-fanned;
The tall moon bathing in the bay;
The stars that flap their wings and say
To me, "Forsake the sluggish beat";
The dimpled stream, and grave or gay,
A star-dust trail before my feet!

Envoi

Good prince, beyond me, worn and gray,
A thousand beaten highways meet.
For me the moon's unsullied ray.
A star-dust trail before my feet!

Picture by K. Gilleland.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Gladys: I shudder when I think of my 30th birthday.

Pamela: Why, dear, what happened?

Kind-hearted Old Lady: Poor man, and are you married?

Beggar: Bless my heart, lady, do you think I'd be relying on total strangers for support if I had a wife?

Railroad Detective: Now, then, brother, what are you doing with all these towels in your grip?

Passenger: Why, officer, if you'll call the Pullman conductor, I was about to give them to him. They are some I used the last time I was on this train. I had them washed and brought them back.

One day a fellow who had gotten along in the world, ran into an old schoolmate, working as a waiter in an ordinary restaurant. He greeted him with, "Have you got so low you have to work here?"

"Yes," the former schoolmate replied, "but not so low that I must eat here."

Old-Timer: How do you like our little town?

Visitor: It's the first cemetery that I ever saw with lights in it.

"What are you crying for, sonny?" asked the kind old lady.

"I've lost the penny my teacher gave for the best boy in the class," he sobbed.

"Never mind. I'll give you another. How did you lose it?"

"I wasn't the best boy."

Rastus and Liza were married but a short time when he came home with a big wash tub, a washboard and a handsome three-foot mirror.

Liza: Whut's all de truck you brung?

Rastus: You-all kin take you pick. Yo' kin take de tub an' washboard an' go to work, or you kin take de mirror an' set down and watch you's'f starve.

Banker: I've been working for two years collecting this library.

Jenkins: Goodness, what a lot of friends you must have.

"Gosh, I need five bucks and I don't know where to get it."

"I'm glad of that. I was afraid you thought you could get it from me."

"Come on, you ain't pushing your side hard enough"

MY SUZY

I'll never be sorry that I went to that first Rossbuorg because it was then that I found my Suzy. I really hadn't wanted to go at first, but a bunch of the fellows persuaded me to. The dance was dull, and I left early.

I was wandering out of the Gym-Armory when suddenly I saw her at the foot of the steps. There was no one else around, so I mustered up all my courage and went right up beside her. Maybe I was a little bold, but you'd forgive me if you knew the circumstances.

It wasn't an ordinary sort of pick-up. From the moment I saw her alone down there, I knew she was what I wanted. I was right. Suzy turned out to be more than I could possibly have expected.

Let me tell you about her. She's smooth and quiet, a pretty little thing. Just the right size, sort of slender, yet not skinny. She doesn't drip all over you like some of them do, and she's always there when I want her. That's funny, too, because I thought surely the fellow that had her with him that night at the dance would show up and want her back, but he hasn't. She's got poise and dependability, just like you read about in the ads. I'm proud of her, but I'm afraid to take her out in a crowd because that fellow is probably still looking for her. It's been two months since I picked her up that night, and I'm hoping that soon she'll be mine for keeps. I guess that does sound sort of silly and sentimental but I've had so damned many fountain pens that don't work that I can appreciate a good one like Suzy.

THE POOR COED

1. If she has too many dates, she's frivolous—if she has a steady, she has no stag line.
2. If she obeys all the rules, she's a drip—if she doesn't, she gets caught.
3. If she doesn't study, she gets kicked out—if she studies, she's a grind.
4. If she talks a lot, she's got a line—if she doesn't, she's a social flop.
5. If she dresses up to go to class, she's clothes-conscious—if she dresses casually, she's sloppy.
6. If she carries her own cigarettes, her friends bum them—if she doesn't, she's a sponge.
7. If she comes on time to dances, she hasn't been around—if she comes late, she misses a lot of fun.
8. If she yells a lot at football games, she makes a fool of herself—if she doesn't, she lacks school spirit.
9. If she speaks to everyone on campus, she's naive—if she doesn't, she's a snob.
10. If she laughs at the professor's jokes, she's a stooge—if she doesn't, she flunks.

We see where students of Catholic University lost an average of two pounds each, during the last examinations. They got off easily. Our London correspondent tells us that Oxford students sometimes drop a hundred pounds during a single boat race.

New acquaintance to prof: I hear you teach at the University of Maryland.

Prof: No, I lecture.

And by the way, the alarm clock reminds one of the manner in which a would-be poet described his lady love: She was like a cheap clock—steady in the small ticks, unreliable in time of need, and alarming when least expected.

To the Point: An egotist is a person who thinks he is better than you think you are.

BRINGING IN THE PEEVES

"DOWN with it! We hate it! It gripes us! Something ought to be done about—" they yelled.

So we told 'em, "O. K., campus, get it off your chest once and for all." And that's how our Pet Peeve round up started.

First to let fly with his number one was **Rosie Pollack,** who cringes whenever he hears anyone boo at a game. To quote the champion of Southern Hospitality, "That any cultured college student should stoop as low as a Bronx cheer is beyond me. Let us have no more of this petty demonstration!" And Rosie says he'll be the first to sling a stack of programs at the next guy that tries it.

George Meeks fairly simmers at the sight of a cigarette burning unsmoked in an idle hand, or even in an ash tray. Says George, "The burning of tobacco in a minimum of oxygen produces ammonia and irritating fumes, and there's a lot more. But you understand I only heard it from a chemical engineer." Which is good enough for us. Lens clicking Georgie also hates people who ask if he's taking "those awful pictures."

"I know just how you feel," says fellow clicker **Bill Ingraham,** and goes on to state that you can easily ruffle his pinfeathers if you look straight into the camera when he's about to catch you in a bona fide candid shot. Not content to limit himself to one peeve, Bill laid into the Baltimore street cars with all sorts of loud and potent oaths. We played dumb and asked him to explain. "Have you ever tried to carry on a conversation at the corner of Howard and Lexington?" Now, there he had us, and we admitted he was right.

By clattering a nickel on the glass top of the candy case in the book store, we got **Henry Johnson** to come out from behind the volumes and confess that one of two things he loathes in this world is a co-ed who hops up and asks for "the textbook for English 341s." The other thing is the secret between Henry. **Jim Varter** strolls up behind friend Johnson and smiling gloriously, announces that he has no peeves and "loves everybody."

"People who call me by my last name," answers **Elaine McClayton** without a moment's hesitation. If the "people" she means reads this, you get it, and she does mean you.

Then there's a group that confines its riles to the campus. **Arthur Greenfield** steps to the footlights and loudly pans extra-curricular lecturers who have nothing to say, snap courses, and sloppy looking women. Curtain. Say you haven't studied to **Johnny Beers,** then bring down an A and watch him boil. Eight-ten classes also give Johnny a little trouble. **Nancy Schoolfield** makes it a threesome by protesting against profs who announce one type of quiz and give another.

Mr. Gelinas, local Jim Farley, is content in his pigeonholed den, because this year his problem of reciting combinations to stooges who have forgotten theirs, has practically died on its feet. "For which," says Mr. G., "thanks."

Four eager coeds dumped these complaints in our collection. **Judy Greenwood,** who cranially defies the law of gravity, can't stand "drooly hair." **Jane Legge** makes up a black list of guys that honk their horns instead of coming to the door. **Milly Baitz** will chew tacks if any one calls her when Nelson Eddy is on the radio. **Ann Irvine** knows she's queer, but she hates her home town, "especially vacations in it." We've notified the Chicago Chamber of Commerce.

We're just about to close up shop, when up tears **Mr. George Fogg** with a lusty, "Tell 'em I hate women drivers in front of me." O. K., George, we'll tell 'em.

We're just about to close up shop, when up tears **Frank Cronin** speaking for the dining hall white wings and pleading for less coffee drinking. It seems that the long hike to the kitchen doesn't appeal to the boys with the trays. "Tell 'em about the coffee, huh?" O. K., Frank, we'll tell 'em.

We're just about to try for a third time, when up tears a group of twenty-seven with complaints to burn. "Tell 'em about . . ." O. K. O. K. . . . we quit. You can't shed all your pet peeves on us and get away with it. That's our pet peeve.

—T. St. C.

"Whadda ya mean, I'm flunkin'!?"

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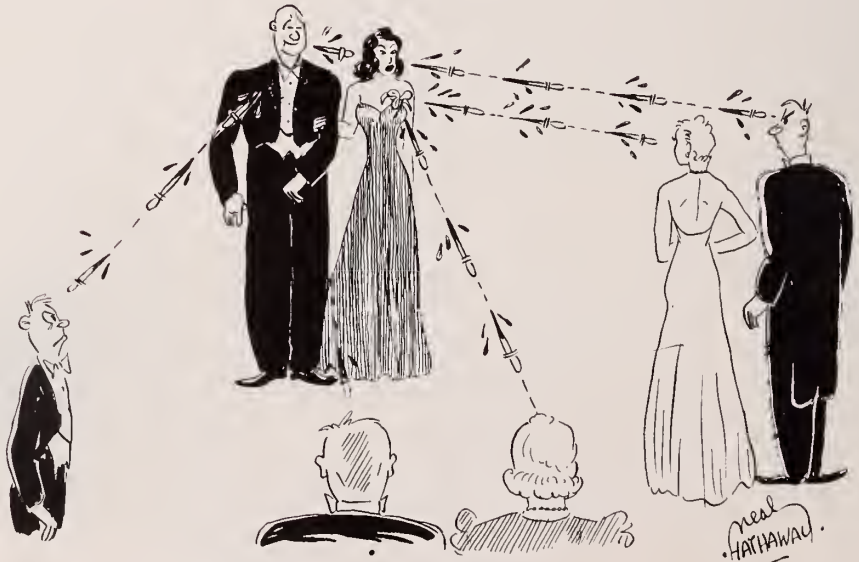
TRUITT REHEARSES THE PROMENADE WITH HIS FAVORITE PUPILS

PATENT LEATHER KID

MOTH PROOF!

BUSY DAY



THE ORCHID CORSAGE

(Continued from page 11)

glow over the rough table that stood in the middle of the room. Everything was in perfect order, even the chairs about the table.

Chernov pointed to a bottle in the center of the table. "Rum," he said. "Good rum too—the best."

The men stood about the room, unnaturally silent. Conant's eyes were gleaming strangely. They were scared, bewildered not by an ordinary enemy, but by something—something they didn't understand—

They needed something— "Let's have a drink," Young suggested. We deserve it. Then we can have a look around, see where we are."

"Maybe we went the wrong way," Deaton said, but there was no humor in his voice.

At the doorway, Quong was staring expressionlessly outward. He turned back toward the room as Young walked to the doorway. Frowning, he looked out at the quiet night, down the blackness of the utterly deserted trench, across the silent fields. Beyond were forests of black trees against the horizon. Motionless, the stars hung above, cold and far away. He bit his lip; there were no shell holes in the field, no mud—instead there was soft grass growing there, and he could hear the soft drone of crickets in the night. The low cloak of thick, murky clouds had given way to a vast, star-studded blackness. In the east there was just a faint flush of ghost-light. It was all impossible—a dream—

He turned toward the men; they were still standing in silence. "Let's have a drink." His voice was unnaturally loud.

Those words seemed to break the spell. They began talking then, saying anything. Young walked to the table, stopped frozenly as he saw— There were five glasses already in place— Five glasses, five men—and —himself. Slowly, he moved to the head of the table—his place. But there was no glass, no chair. Five glasses, five chairs, neatly arranged, almost as though they had been expected— He looked up sharply at Chernov. C[illegible] smile.

"Deaton," he said softly, "can you hear—? Listen, Deaton, Conant—that rumbling—!"

Conant's eyes were unnaturally bright. "My God!" he screamed.

"Something's happening, Lieutenant," Deaton stared as though his eyes would pop. "You're—I—I can see through you!—like you were fading—"

"Listen," Young said tensely. "It's the shells. I can hear them—and it's getting cloudy again." He held out his hand, and drops of water appeared on them from nowhere. "I can see the enemy lines! We're almost there—we've almost reached our objective! On, men!" He clambered out of the trench, limped across the silent field, crouching low to the ground, yelling savagely. And strangely, dim stars were shining—through his body. He seemed to be running slowly; yet he was receding incredibly, his voice growing faint. Somehow he looked as though he were falling—falling away into nothingness through vast, limitless depths. . . . Then he was gone.

Conant was sobbing.

"I guess we reached our objective, all right." Deaton's voice was a husky whisper. "The ultimate objective."

"But—they're gone—all gone . . . Young too—" Conant choked.

"He's not gone," Deaton's voice was no more than a whisper "—we are."

Chernov's face appeared from the doorway. He looked at Deaton, smiled resignedly. "Come on in. Have a drink."

Deaton nodded. "I think we could use one."

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(Continued from page 8)

ing out to me that the letter which I read hourly started **My** dear and besides as Theosophilus which is my roommate said all women are like that reserved you know which I thought was very wise of him because I have been thinking it over and it is very true. Oh Emeline it was so wonderful yesterday I watched you go to your post office box and take out my letter from behind the pillar where I had been standing for a day and a half which is very hard on my feet as my army shoes do not give the proper support to my metatarsals as I pointed out when the man gave them to me. All the time I was hiding behind the post waiting for you people kept walking by and making remarks like what are you skulking about for and are you planning a surprise attack on the book store the next time it comes around the corner and I had to tell them all and now I find that a great many people know of the tender emotions which I have for you and some of them make very unfunny remarks about it but no sacrifice is to great for love.

Oh Emeline flower of my heart will you go to the ODK dance with me which is only a month away and while I am not yet in ODK I am sure I soon will be on account of the way my campaign for vicepresident of the Grange is coming along rippingly which is the way I am sure Kipling would have said it. With mixed emotions I await your answer and remain

Ever Loving
I, Percival Quinn.

University of Md.,
Box 333,
October 25, 1938.

Mr. Percival Quinn,
Box 437,
University of Md.

Mr. Quinn Sir:

Again I have been annoyed by your uninvited advances in the face of what I thought was my clearly expressed desire to be left alone.

For your edification I already have a date for The Calvert Cotillon with a man who is already in ODK. He was taken in for being outstanding in athletics. Particularly boxing.

A word, Mr. Quinn, to the wise.

Formally yours,
Emeline Tittleberry.

University of Md
Box 437
October 29 1938

Miss Emeline Tittleberry
Box 333
University of Md

Oh Lovely Miss Tittleberry

Your letter seemed at first to be a little cool, but Theosophilus explained that this is because you are very coy and you probably like romantic men instead of big shots which is fine as I am having some trouble with dirty politics in the Grange and so I will be around tomorrow night to sing love ballads under your window and am even now practicing on my guitar although I am bothered by hammering by people on my door which have no romance and do not understand the tender emotions like I Percival Quinn and you Emeline oh flower of Dormitory B.

Quiveringly yours
I Percival Quinn.

University of Md
Box 333,
October 30, 1938

Mr. Percival Quinn
Box 437,
University of Maryland

Mr. Quinn Sir:

Don't bother. Mr. Butch, who is the person I am going to the dance with, is coming to see **you** tonight.

With fiendish delight,
Emeline Tittleberry.

University of Maryland,
Box 437
November 2 1938

Miss Emeline Tittleberry
Box 333
University of Md

Madam:

Your friend and I talked things over and I have decided that I shall be a tropical explorer or a flagpole sitter as I am through with women forever. I have had a great deal of time to think this over as I have had nothing to do for two days except hold a beefsteak on my eye and also I have decided to stay out of politics too as I was defeated in the Grange election for vicepresident by a vote of thirty-six to one the other side bringing in ward heelers from the Livestock Club.

Remorsefully yours,

GIVE ME A SENTENCE WITH THE WORD

Nephew — "Then I says to him, 'Nephew, want to fight, come out in the alley'."

Bailiff—"Bailiff me, it sure was a tough exam."

Faro—"Faro, fair has my little dog gone?"

Mastadon—"You mastadon something to make her so mad."

Shoulder—"Shoulder acquaintance be forgot."

Violet—"Got stung once, that's violet bees alone."

Infamy—"I whistled for my dog, but he wouldn't come infamy."

Contest—"This drink is so tough, I contest the liquor."

Dispose—"Who is dispose of?"

Veteran—"The rain veteran she ran home."

Currency — "Take your hands off her, you currency what you get."

Fund—"I take my fund where I find it."

Economy—"She won't speak to me economy working in this joint."

Misuse—"I misuse terribly."

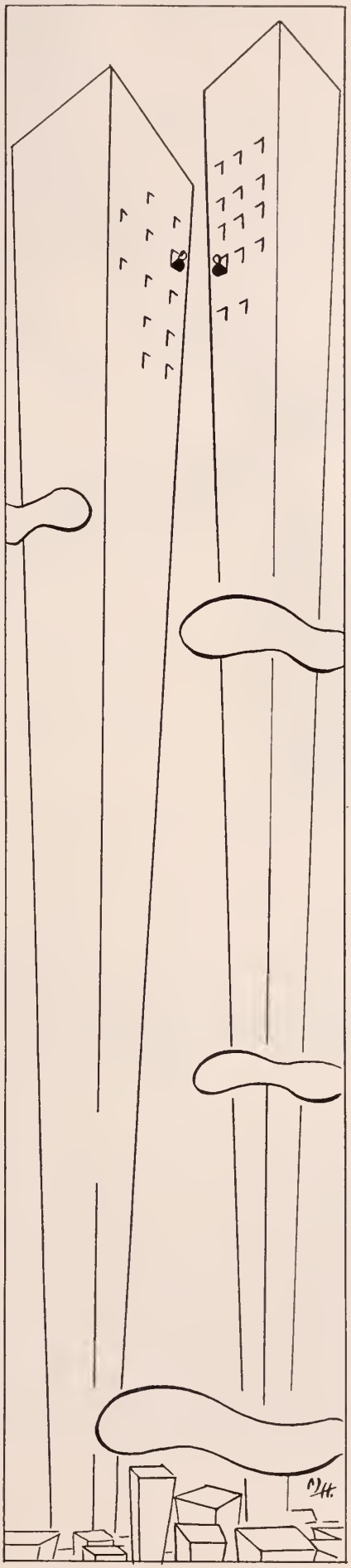
Gross — "My love for her gross stronger every day."

Stop that, John! You musn't! You know what I said before we started. —Now really, I'm serious. I won't stand for that sort of thing and if you do, I'll never go out with you again. We've been through all this so many times I should think you'd learn I'm not that kind—. Well, all right, if you insist!—But you know I intended this lunch to be a dutch treat!

Frosh: So you kissed my girl, you skunk!

Upperclass: So what?

Frosh: Ah, er, so I've been told.



"I'm starting out for your place right now. I'll be there in a half hour."

Two slightly oscillated found the temperature of one eve of late much too frigid despite their warm interiors. Veering up to a hotel desk they accosted the clerk thusly.

"Shay, we wants a bed with two rooms in it."

The busy clerk — "See here, see here. I'm a busy man. I can't be annoyed. What you want is a room with two beds in it." This apparently met with the approval of our two friends for ten minutes later we find them still tuxedo clad horizontally reclined in one of the two single beds.

"Psst, Bill, there's somebody in my bed."

"Is there — there's somebody in mine too."

Psst, Bill, lesh kick 'em out our room."

"O.K." Loud noises.

"Psst, Bill, I kicked mine out."

"Did you? That ——— kicked me out."

"O.K. Pal, you come and sleep with me."

—Ski U-Mah

"Did you ever speak before a large audience?"

"Certainly."

"What did you say?"

"Not guilty."

Old Lady: Little boy, why aren't you in school instead of going to the movies?

Little Boy: Hell, lady, I got the measles.

His day is dark, and cold, and dreary,
He never smiles, his heart is weary.
He'll bear his cross through Eternity,
The straight A stude who got a B.

Kingdom of Heaven

MAN IS CLOSER to heaven than he has ever been before.

And despite all his pretensions of advanced civilization and increased intelligence, the best use he can put his new kingdom to is to use it as a vantage point for quicker, more complete, and more inhuman destruction of his fellow men!

It's a bitter commentary on the world we live in. But it's also a frightening one. For today's bombings give clear evidence that there are no more barriers, no more refugees, no more isolated areas. Evidence, too, that *we* no longer can sit smugly and serenely enveloped in a mythical cloak of *isolation.*

* * *

If general war comes, we have a slim chance of staying out of it—and just as slim a chance of avoiding slaughter from the heavens.

The one hope is to work for peace *now.* There is no time to lose, no effort to be spared, no decent human to be excused from the job.

Naturally, we need all the help we can get. So if you agree with us that another war will bankrupt America —physically, morally and economically—we invite you and urge you to write to us.

Send your letter to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

CAROLINE

i have decided not to date caroline any more this decision is not a hurried one but is the result of much pondering it was all caused by carolines unforgivable actions on our first and consequently our last date i realize that she probably thought she was right most women do think they are in the right as far as affairs de couer are concerned i think carolines family is passibly nice but caroline herself just has no tolerance whatsoever so i am not going to date her again she is too unreasonable and expects too much of a college man which i am one i was going to take caroline to the game i was only fifteen minutes late and after waiting another ten minutes caroline came down i dont mind so much having to wait for a girl fifteen minutes but im not one to be kept waiting while a girl primps for twenty minutes even if it is for my benefit while i was waiting carolines father tried to get me to discuss with him and although a college man i am very shy with fathers as a rule and i was very embarrassed by not knowing anything about the national financial affairs which according to carolines father every up and coming young man should know but i didnt not to mention carolines little brothers showing me up in regard to my ignorance of the more recent funnies which a college man cant afford to keep reading if he expects to have any dates at all carolines mother was very nice too except for a short space of time when she showed amazement at my utter lack of knowledge about canning and making plum jelly which she said every broadly educated person should have a speaking acquaintance with except i didnt finally caroline descended in all her glory disregarding the fact that she tripped on the next to last step over some foreign matter her little brother had unthinkingly left on the stairs and she didnt see until too late the usual things were said about keeping their little girl out late we left after a frantic search for carolines hat which we simply couldnt find until i arose oh horrible memory i say horrible memory because that brings back the thought of my torn pant leg which carolines family couldnt understand when i muttered some incoherent things about carolines dog who at first thought that i wasnt a friend of carolines and was convinced that i was only after my pant leg had suffered agonies i scuttled caroline out the door more or less behind me because of this small lack of material on my leg and caroline was i think a little unfair in her admonishment and criticism of my manners which are as good as any college man in the same situation i am sure that women expecially caroline and her mother are very biased in their choice of men for caroline and therefore after several unsuccessful attempts to date caroline i have decided that i am through with caroline forever period

—J. Vaught.

"The boys have really picked up interest."

(Continued from page 7)

Who was that who was doing all the wailing about the good old days? Slink off, sir, before you are recognized!

NEW

Wander up to the Infirmary some time when you're feeling dreamy, and see the portents of the changes to come. If you half close your eyes you can still see the ghostly outlines of the old walls, but the vision rapidly grows dimmer. Sturdy new vine-resistant bricks look down from the hill, and you'll walk around looking for the cellophane packages they came in.

Morrill Hall, for its part, looks on in horror and quiet despair, pulling back the hem of its foundation in distaste, but without hope. As we walked out of the door last week, we'll swear we heard Senator Morrill muttering to himself. We didn't say anything, though, just slipped by unnoticed.

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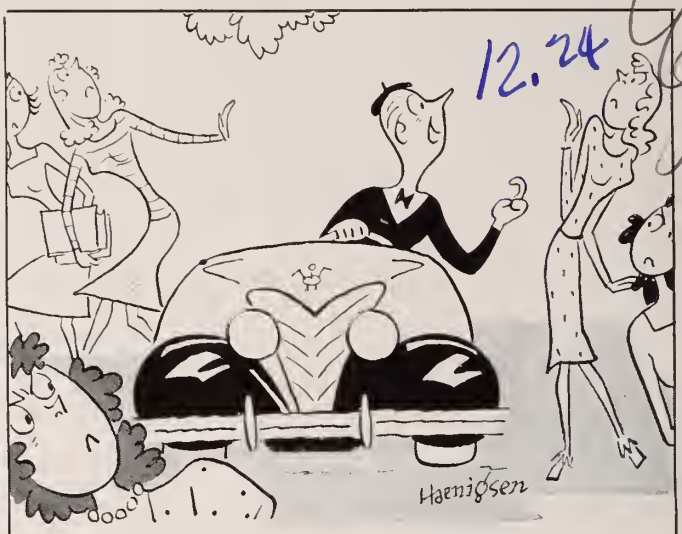
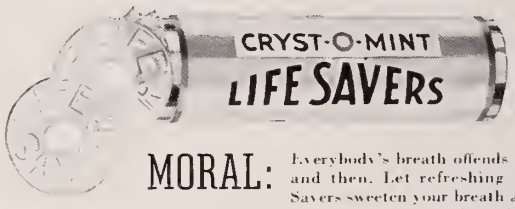


Poor Ned was rich, but he had no pals.
His breath drove off both the boys and gals.
Then someone slipped him some Cryst-O-Mints,
And Ned's been popular ever since!



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let refreshing Life Savers sweeten your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

Wisecrack Yourself a Free Box of Lifesavers

Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any joke submitted is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.

The Winner:
RITA ABLEMAN

The Wisecrack:

He: How do you want to spend the night? Out?

Two R. O. T. C. recruits were being drilled in marching. One was new to the game and turning to his companion, asked him the meaning of "Halt".

"Why," answered the other, "when someone yells 'Halt', you simply bring the foot that's on the ground to the side of the one that's in the air, and remain motionless." —R.

When the freshman's not refreshing his rememberer,
When the sophomore's not cutting frogs in two,
He delights to take his girl out for a hamburger
So they can see the birdies pitching woo.
When the senior's finished sleeping through a lecture
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—
Ah, the truth is now revealed beyond conjecture,
The professor's lot is not a happy one.

"I can see you need the practice"
Said the dame—"But just the same,
I think you'd better save the passes
For the Georgetown-Maryland game."

Small boy (to a stranger passing by street corner): Did you lose a dollar bill?

Man: Wh—er—yes. I did. Have you found it?

Small boy: No, I just wanted to check up on how many were lost this morning. Yours makes ninety-six.

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